BY M. W. We are drifting with the tide, Slowly drifting from the shore, O'er the waves we gayly ride. Onward, onward, evermore; Brightly shines the morning sun, and life's race has just begun.

We are drifting with the tide.
Drifting on with smiles and tears.
Loving friends are at our side.
Sharing all our hopes and fears,
Midway s: ands the sun on high,
O'er us smiles the summer sky.

We are drifting with the tide,
Nearer, nearer to the shore.
O'er the waters smooth we glide
To the loved ones gone before.
Gently falls the shades of night,
Hidling is from mortal sight,
All life's shoals and quick-sands past,
May we anchor safe at last.
Gellieritis Common Cont. 10, 1992. Collinsville, Conn., Oct. 19, 1882.

TRUE TO TAUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

'All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end, Our pleasures and our discontents Are rounds by which we may ascend.'—Longfell

CHAPTER I. The sun shone brightly through the

leaves of the forest; it spread a gleam of light across solitary glens, danced gaily over the little brooks that murmured through the valleys, and lit up many a pleasant nook in beautiful Devon, on the 1st of May 1593. One of its rays like an angel of charity, penetrated the casement of a cottage situated on the outskirts of the ancient city of Exeter. The stream of light passed across the face of a girl of about fourteen, and rested on the pale, worn countenance of a woman lying on a bed, from which it was evident she was destined never to rise. The eyes of the child had been fixed, with sorrowful earnestness, on the face of her dying mother; but now she rose and drew a curtain across the antique bow-window, to exclude the sunbeam which she feared would fatigue those eyes which were soon to be closed in death.

At that moment the latch of the door was gently raised, and a respectable, kind-looking woman entered.

How is your mother, Catherine?" The poor child raised her tearful eyes to the woman, and with difficulty answered her, saying she feared her dear mother was

dying.

Both approached the bedside. The kind neighbor, leaning over the dying woman, said, in a soft tone: "Can I do anything for you, my good

Martha ?" "My daughter? my poor little daugh-ter!" murmured the sufferer. "Will you, as you promised me last week, see that, when I am dead, she is taken to her father's relations, and that what little I possess shall not be taken from her? It is a long way to Penzance, and you will not

let her go alone?"
"Make your mind easy, my good friend.
She will remain with me until I find some trustworthy person to take her to her

A smile of content passed over the features of the departing mother. "May God reward you!" she said. Then, after a moment's silence, she added: "Now if I could see the priest."

In those days it was not easy to find a priest, and Catholics were often deprived in their last hour of the consoling pres ence of the minister of God; but on the present occasion Catherine knew there

was one near.
"I will go for father Ralph," she said;
"he is at Master Andrews', the clothier,
where he said Mass last Sunday." And
he bastily left the cottage. In about half an hour she returned, accompanied by a most benevolent-looking person. As he entered the sick woman's 100m, her

were administered to her. Consoling

were the words of the charitable priest as he prepared the departing soul to appear before its Creator; and it was touching to see the poor child, so soon to be an orphan, repressing the violence of her sorrow that the last moments of her mother might be calm and undisturbed. Here we must pause in our narrative to give a brief sketch of the early history of Martha Tresize. She was the daughter of a respectable Irish farmer, residing in the county Cork. Near his farm stood the mansion of a Catholic gentleman, to whose only daughter, Agnes, Martha was foster-sister. The two childr n were constantly together, and at last it was settled that Martha should live entirely with Agnes, who had no other companion. Zance, occasionally conveying passengers. They received together a plain education; This, indeed, was the only way in which for in those days young ladies devoted less time to accomplishments, and more to the practical duties of housekeeping.

When the girls were about eighteen years old, Agnes' maternal grandfather, a Devonshire nobleman, died, and, leaving Devonshire nobleman, died, and, leaving no male heir, all his estates developed on his daughter. The family therefore left Ireland to reside on their English property, which was in the vicinity of Exeter. Martha accompanied them, bidding farewell prevent her family and her country when the state of the prevents after her arrival in Eng. Two years after her arrival in Eugland she married a small but substantial farmer, named John Tresize, a native of Penzance; and shortly afterwards her down the Exe, the sad young orphan kept

foster-sister Agnes fell into so bad a state of health that her parents determined to take her back to Ireland.

With her departure began all poor Martha's troubles. When her little bows about three years old, and Catharine an infant of ten months, her husband was an infant of ten months, her husband was accidently killed; and as neither he nor his wife had a single relation in the constitution of the constitution of the months are the constitution of the constitutio county, her position was consequently desolate. Some friends now advised her to sell the farm. She did so her the seemed introduced with such intense grief that, as she sobbed and wept, her whole to sell the farm. to sell the farm. She did so, but at a great loss, for few have generosity enough not to take advantage of the inexperience of the person with whom they are making a bargam. Martha Tresize removed to a cottage near Exeter, and contrived to live there respectably, though in a very differ ent position from that which she had hith hope that she was now in the enjoyment ent position from that which she had intherent occupied. The many comforts of her early life had ill fitted her to struggle with poverty; but she added something with that much loved mother one day in with poverty; but she added something to her limited means by instructing the children of some well to do tracesmen in mind. Exeter in needlework, embroidery and

She did not neglect her own children, but imparted to them all the solid part of the learning she had acquired; with Christian fortitude embracing all the obligations imposed upon her by her straitened circumstances, not vainly regretting the loss of that worldly prosperity which was no longer hers. Indeed, although she always retained a strong feeling of love and gratitude for her foster-sister's family, it often occurred to her that her life would have been far happier had she never been removed from her father's natured Cornish man. The travellers followed his advice. There stretched the ocean before them in calm grandeur, spark-ling under the morning sun.
"How beautiful!" exclaimed Catherine;

and for an instant her sad face lit up with joy. She said no more, but stood motionless, leaning against the side of the boat, now gazing as far as her sight could reach across the open sea; now watching the rip-pling waves as they played about the ves-sel. Her thoughts were of the majesty of was born. She tried, therefore, to form in her children habits of frugality, and to give them homely tastes and a love of order, so that it would have been difficult that God who created such beauteous and magnificent works; of the mystery of eternity, of which indeed the ocean is a faint emblem; of the beauty of heaven, where she confidently hoped her mother was now; these and other thoughts arose in her mind, not in that crowding confusion which only serves to harass us, but order, so that it would have been difficult to have met anywhere a more industrious little housekeeper than her daughter Catharine. Michael, her son, she had placed at Andrews', the rich clothier, who being a Catholic himself, was glad to have a Catholic apprentice. But, like many another foolish boy, Michael had a passion to be a catholic apprentice of the catholic apprentice. sion which only serves to harass us, but welling gently up, then sinking deeply into her heart and filling her with a pious another fooling boy, Sinches had a passion to become a sailor being refused, he ran away, and was supposed to have engaged himself on board an East Indiaman which sailed about that time from Exmouth.

never been removed from her father's house and the station of life in which she

No tidings came of the runaway, and the

poor sorrowing mother gave up all hope

of ever seeing him again. Kind neighbors tried to console her by predicting that he

this most afflicting bereavement. Catherine, for the first few weeks, wept

parent; but Catharine was a good, dutiful

who had assisted her in her last moments,

all her money-matters, and to be her

need either, for I had a great esteem for your excellent mother, and so, dear child,

friend to you. We are of the same religion, you know, and must help each other,

steelf visible in words and actions.

of sending Catherine to her relations.

safely conducted to her aunt.

Poor Catherine's sad feelings can

better imagined than described, as she bade farewell to the home of her child-

sel that plied between Exeter and Pen-

the poorer classes could go to and fro

between those towns ; for as the roads that

traversed Devon and Cornwall were mere

bridle paths, there were then no coaches,

nor even a carrier's cart. The rich trav-

elled on horseback, accompanied by armed

highwaymen, the journey was often danger

attendants, and even so, by reason of

At five o'clock one bright morning in

the beginning of June our travellers went

on board. Their luggage was piled up on the deck, and Catharine and her new

close to it. As the little craft glided slowly

friend, Dame Penrith, seated themselve

awe that was also very soothing.

The boat seldom kept at any distance from the shore; Catherine could therefore see the rocks, and at times even the white cottages of some fishing-hamlet shining in the sun; and they passed many of the haunts of the smuggler and the wrecker. Poor Dame Penrith was far from enjoy-

ing the voyage: she complained of the tossing and rocking of the vessel; every would return some day a rich man, but Martha would not believe them; and as year after year passed without any news of her son, she resigned herself, with the help of prayer at the foot of the Cross, to the would be be would be worth a would be would be worth a would be worth a would be worth a wo undertaken such a perilous voyage. But all her troubles ended on the afternoon of the second day of their journey, and great was her joy as the vessel entered the har-bor of Penzance. Catherine also was glad bitterly when the merry playmate and companion of her childhood returned no

companion of her childhood returned no more as he was wont on the long looked for Saturday evenings, and the Sundays especially seemed sad without him; but in childhood sorrows are not lasting, and Catharine's tears were easily dried by the to leave the ship.

The dame turned to her little charge, and inquired where her aunt lived.

"At some distance from the town, tenderness of a fond mother. From that time she became the sole object of "Then," said her friend, "you had bet-Martha's affections. As she advanced in years she fully repaid her mother's fond will tell us the way."

Accordingly they both proceeded to the care, if indeed it is possible that a child can repay the devotedness of an anxious shop of Dame Peurith's cousin. Great was the pleasure of the two old women at meeting. When the first emotion had and loving child. Her education and the peaceful life she led, had made her in meeting. When the first emotion had subsided, inquiries were made about Dame Barnby's dwelling-house. "I know her cottage well," said Dame

many respects different from most girls of her own age and position of life. Habits of self-restraint had given firmness to her Penrith's cousin. "It is betwixt this and the village of Guival. But the child must of self-restraint had given firmness to her character, and to her whole demeanor an air of quiet seriousness, which, however, did not prevent her from being of a most truly cheerful and happy disposition. Her mother's example taught her to have recourse to her Heavenly Father in all difficulties and thus the way wall property sup with us ere she goes to ker aunt."
After supper, at which meal were served Various strange Cornish pies and pasteries, Catherine thanking her friends for their kindness, departed with an old servant, who undertook to lead her to her aunt's difficulties, and thus she was well prepared

to meet trials; and her confidence in It was a beautiful, warm night; the God's ever-loving Providence gave her a strength and decision of character that served well all through her eventful moon shone brightly on our two travel-lers as they wended their way through the narrow and tortuous streets. Penzance was a queer little town in those days, its On Martha's death the kind neighbor old timber-fronted houses with diamond-paned bow-windows projecting far into took Catharine to her home, until she

cottage.

should find an opportunity of sending her in safety to her relations in Cornwall. Andrews, the clothier, undertook to settle the streets.

Catherine and her companion soon found themselves in the open country Before them lay extensive moors, bounded by the sea; and across those moore banker for any sum she should not wish and fens one might have ranged for miles to take with her to Cornwall.

"And I will do the best with it, my
child," said the worthy man. "You must
come to me for advice or assistance if you scarcely meeting a human dwelling.

The ocean was calm; the moonbean

The ocean was calm; the moonbeams traced on it a silvery path, across which now and then some little fishing-boat passed, appearing like a dark spectre on the glistening waves, and soon lost sight of again in the surrounding gloom. Catherine, although weary, stood a moment to gaze on the lovely scene, and she would have remained longer, had not you must look to me as a friend; and if you do not find your father's family kind, come back to us; my dame will be a good her companion hurried her saying:
We must get on quickly; they will be

This was soothing to the feelings of the poor orphan. Many times each day she knelt before her Crucifix and amidst tears We must get on quickly; they will be abed; and I have to go back to town. If you want to look on the sea, why that, child may be seen any day."
On they went, nor did they stop again

and sobs she exclaimed: "Thy will be done." At first it was with difficulty she could utter those words; but Father Ralph until the old servant announced the had reached their destination. So, bidding whole countenance lighted up with a look of content, almost of happiness. "Thank God!" she exclaimed.

God! thank God!" she exclaimed.

God encouraged her to persevere; telling her that by doing so, the virtue of entire resignation to God's will would be given to had reached their destination. So, bidding her young companion good night, she lett had begiven to her standing before a forlorn-looking her standing her sta Catherine, not without som All the rites of the Catholic Church her. Nor was he wrong; for soon a pro-found calm pervaded her soul, and made cottage. Catherine, not without some feelings of anxiety, knocked at the door of her future home. The knock was answered by the loud barking of a dog, and after some delay the door was opened cottage. At last an opportunity presented itself by a woman, the expression of whose countenance was one of mingled sorrow respectable woman, well known to Master Andrews, was about to undertake what was then considered the perilous voyage to Penzance. This person readily agreed to take Catherine with her, and see her

and discontent.
"I am Catherine Tresize, Dame Barnby's "I am Catherine Tresize, niece," said the little visitor.
"Yes I know all about it; you have worther, poor child. I am your

aunt, and you have come to seek a home with me. Well, I fear you will scarce hood, her dear mother's grave, her kind friends, and all those objects which were so familiar to her. The boat in which they were to sail was a small trading vesfind this a very comfortable one.' find this a very comfortable one."

They entered the cottage, which certainly looked cheerless.

"I should have come earlier and not disturbed you at this late hour," said Cather.

ine, "but the kind dame who brought me from Exeter took me to her relation's house and made me sup first."
"You did well," replied her aunt. "You will now like to go to bed; you must needs be tired, child."

Catharine said she was indeed very tired. Her aunt held a light while she

ascended a kind of ladder-stairs.
"You need no candle up there, the moon gives goodly light. So I wish you a quiet

When Catherine opened the door opposite the laider, she found it was indeed bright moonlight. Having said her prayers she was soon in bed, and a few moments after all cares and troubles were forgotten in the calm,

deep sleep of youth. Dame Barnby was in truth not very rell pleased to have her niece with her for besides her straightened circumstances, e had important reasons for not liking have any one except her own children

living in the cottage.

Good Master Andrews, the clothier, had written to Dame Barmby. He was not, however, a skilled letter-writer; and from his epistle, which a travelling pedler had brought her, she concluded that the young orphan was penniless and would therefore

be a great burden to her. Poor Martha Tresize would certainly never have wished her daughter to go to Penzance had she been acquainted with had suffered, then of God's mercy to ner dear mother, and of the almost certain the altered circumstances of her sister—in—the that she was now in the enjoyment law. But her husband had frequently with that much loved mother one day in heaven, she recovered her former peace of mind.

"I say, little girl, and you, good dame, here we are at Exmouth. Why don't you a foolish marriage, and of the degreda-

look out on the sea? That is something worth looking at, much better than any of your towns."

So spoke the captain, a rough, but goodnatured Cornish man. The travellers followed his advice. There stratehed the

TO BE CONTINUED.

COWARDLY CATHOLICS.

Buffalo Union.

Christ will deny before His Father those who have denied Him before men. There are many ways of denying Christ, short of the formal rejection of His Name and Law. "Believe what you will; we ask nothing of you but one little grain of incense on the fire that burns upon the altar of the gods," said the old Roman judges to the children of the early Church. But our ancestors in the faith were linhearted, and scorned to save land or life even at the seemingly small sacrifice pro-Buffalo Union even at the seemingly small sacrifice pro-

Alas, with far less urgent temptation, how many Christians of to-day burn incense to the idols of human respect, of worldly or heretical prejudice! They imworldly or heretical prejudice! They im-plicitly repudiate the faith by their cowphently repudiate the faith by their cow-ardly concealment of it, or their misrepre-sentation of its precepts. They enshroud it in mystery, as if it were some shameful thing, and not their only abiding glory. They are flattered, poor fools! when some acquaintance says, "I should never have taken you for a Catholic." They would taken you for a Catholic." They would saturty of gentus that they not absolutely deny the faith, but they plore." The strangest, though by no mean plore." The strangest, though by no mean treat it as a useful but unfashionable friend. Note their persistent evasion of religious topies, and their apologetic tone when matters of Catholic belief and practice are so brought before them in pre-sence of non-Catholics that they cannot with more sarcasm than wit, the company be evaded. They would smoothe, exten-uate, explain away! as if there is anything in our creed or our obligations requiring apology; as if the Church's ruling from in our creed or our obligations requiring apology; as if the Church's ruling from its earliest day, will not bear the fullest light that can be turned upon it!

These are the people wno blush for the

sign of the cross, and for whom Christ will blush on the Last Day, when that dread sign will flash triumphant from the heavens. These are the people who court alliances with non-Catholics, jeopardizing their eternal interests for a certain social eminence; by and by openly disregarding them,—for the claims of family and "society" must be considered!—while they assure disedified friends or a clamorous conscience that "they practice their

religion in private.

But perhaps we are severe. Some of these mysterious Catholics may be the victims of an exaggerated prudence. They may not realize that "the discipline of the secret" is for ages obsolete. Pagans there are in plenty, but not of the sort that had to be guarded against in the days of the infant Church.

Here, especially, there is nought to be gained by mystery. What Cardinal Man-ning says of his compatriots, in this con-nection, applies with still greater reason nection, appries with stin greater reason to the Americans. He says: "There is an honesty in the people of this country. They like openness and they hate con-cealment of conviction. They trust those who will speak in the light of the noonday." If there is anything in religion which peculiarly commends itself to the American mind, it is intolerant-and justly so—of him who can give no reason for the faith that is in him; but it despises the poltroon who is ashamed of that which he fears to openly abandon.

We would have no ore obtrude his faith on others, nor be estentatious of his prac-tices of devotion. But all who bear the name of Catholic should love their faith so truly and know it so well, as to be always prepared to explain it, defend it, and live for it, which last is in these days a far more practical proof of loyalty than the most heroic expressions of willingness to die for it.

SPURIOUS AND SUPERSTITIOUS PRAYER.

We have several times exposed and denounced in the Standard a spurious prayer attempted to be palmed off on Catholics by the assertion that "it was found" (as the lying statement sometimes runs, in the tomb of our Saviour) "in the fiftieth year" of our Divine Lord and sent by "the Pope to Emperor Charles in the year 1505," etc., etc. In the statement by "the Pope to Emperor Charles in the year 1505," etc., etc. In the statement prefixed to the prayer all kinds of temporal benefits and safeguards from danger are promised to any one who repeats or even has a copy of it in his possession.

The statements are so plainly superstitious and preposterous that it seems to us impossible that any Catalog, however,

impossible that any Catholics, however unintelligent, should give credence to them. Yet, it seems some do, or else this spurious "prayer" could not obtain the couragement necessary to circulate it.

There is not the slightest proof to support its pretended genuineness, or the pre-tended history connected with it, much less to justify its superstitious employment. It has never received the sanction or approval of the Church or of any Bishop or priest of the Church. On the ontrary, it has been denounced time and

time again.

The latest copy—that which a few days ago was sent to us—purports to be published in Philadelphia, and has Bishop Gilmour's name forged to it. Yet, either to evade prosecution for the crime of forgery, because of gross ignorance as to how Catholic Bishops sign all official papers, the forged signature is Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is not necessary to waste words

farther, either upon the clumsy forgery or the pretended prayer itself. It is enough to say that Catholies find in the prayers and devotions of approved Catholic "Man-uals of Devotion," all the prayers they can lesire or require for the expression their needs and necessities, temporal or spiritual, to God, and their petitions for His blessing.—Catholic Standard.

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumpitings are almost wasted by consump-tion. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs, and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful atterative pro-perties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and Gambetta. Well, let him causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

A CATHOLIC LADY. Catholic Union and Times

Catholic Union and Times.

There is a beauty in the character of the Catholic lady far exceeding all the charms of person and all the accomplishments of mind so highly prized in the fashionable world. The reverend editor of the Irish Monthly published some beautiful thoughts on this subject: "St. Peter exhorted Christian women, converts to the faith, so to live, 'that if the husbands of any believe not the word, they may be won without the word, by the conversation (that is, the conduct and manner of life) of the wives, considering your chaste conof the wives, considering your chaste conversation with fear. This holy awe was inspired by St. Cecilia in her heathen husband and his brother who could not but exclaim, 'Christ must be indeed the true God since He has chosen for Himself such a handmaid.' St. Monica inspired her husband Patricius, with a similar fear, which brought him at last to the faith. There are many such examples recorded in the lives of the saints, and renewed in the experience of our day. But the most beautiful commentary we know of upon St. Peter's words has been written by Lord Byron, and that, too, quite unconsciously.
The lines occur in a book so generally shunned by Catholics that they will be new to most. Moore has described the poem in question as "the most powerful, and, in many respects, painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left are as follows :

"Early in years, and yet more infantine In figure, she had something of sublime In eyes which sadly shone, as seraph's shin All youth—but with an aspect beyond time Radiant and grave, as pitying man's declin She looked as if she sai by Eden's door, And grieved for those who could return r

"She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere, As far as her own gentle heart allow'd; . her sires were proud Of deeds and days when they had filled th ear Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd To novel power; and as she was the last. She held their old faith and old feelings fast

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it; slient, lone.
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she

There was awe in the homage which she drew,
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong In its own strength-most strange in one se

Can any one doubt that this beautiful picture was drawn from life? Byrcn must have met a young Catholic lady who must have met a young Cathone lady who neither thought it necessary to conecal her religion nor to apologize for it by fast talk and worldly manners. She was a contrast to all around her, and the result was, not sneers or contempt, but respectful admiration. "Considering your clear to content." ation. "Considering your chaste conver-sation with fear," said St. Peter. "There was awe in the homage which she drew," says Lord Byron.

THE COMING DANGER IN FRANCE.

Catholic Review.

in various quarters. The labor troubles were in reality organized revolts against State authority. Dynamite is in the air and dynamite is on the tongue, not of haif the troops of France fought those troops, their own countrymen, with petroleum. There seem brave days in store for France. And the Government—what is the Government doing? President Grevy is threatment doing! President Grevy is threat-ened with apoplectic fits, and for the rest, all the crucifixes that happen to be left in the schools are being torn down and carted off. Simultaneously with this second attack on the crucifixes, on the images and the Person of the crucified, come the re-ports of the labor troubles that call for dynamite to settle the questions in dispute.

Monsieur Gambetta should rejoice. His day is at last coming. All the world, together with France, now sees that he was that the state of the st perfectly right in declaring that clericalism, by which he meant Catholicity, is the enemy of the France he wished to call into being. The nouveaux couches sociales, the new social layers, that he invited in to take the place of the Catholicity he undertook Alba. When you arrive at Alba the first

ened and liberal government that drove out the monks, the nuns and the Catholic teachers? Are you satisfied with the prosthat "no political opinion makes it right to fling deadly engines into an inoffensive gathering." That is not the doctrine for the gentlemen of Montmarte; gentlemen who would be startlingly surprised were their own doctrines carried out at their contracts of the gentlemen of Montmarte; their own doctrines carried out at their contracts on the result was not see her bady, but you can see her who would be startlingly surprised were their own doctrines carried out at their own doctrines carried out at their own gatherings, and were dynamite used against themselves. The Communists who were away, banished, were welcomed back by Gambetta's benignity; the Communists who never went away were encouraged to come out of their holes, and some of them were rewarded with fat offices and snug berths. These virtuous citizens were made heroes of; while the "enemy," the monks and nuns and Catho-" 'enemy," the monks and nuns and catho-" 'enemy, and 'enemy is enemy in the catholic see her body, but you can see her body. The arm of the saint is in a perfect state of preservati "enemy," the monks and nans and Catholic teachers, were driven out—all according to the programme laid down by M. Gambetta. Well, let him now preside at the love-feast of his own.

Heart, and you win see three thoris per truding from it, and by a miracle, they appear quite green. The heart of the saint is also in a state of perfect preservation. Three centuries have not changed its appearance.—Communicated.

Here is the pleasant programme of the future laid down by the Anarchists of the Eleventh Arondissement in Paris.

"Politically, we demand the abolition of the State; that of Governmental authority of all forms, whatsoever, whatever be ity of all forms whatsoever, whatever be its name or its exercisers, and its replace-ment by the free federation of free producers, spontaneously associated; in other words, anarchy. Economically, we insist on the abolition of individual property and of the authority of the capitalist, so and of the authority of the capitalist, so as to put at the disposal of the masses all social wealth, in order that each one, working according to his abilities, may freely consume according to his necessities; in other words Communism."

These worthy gentlemen mean precisely what they say, and their views are shared by thousands of people in the heart of all the great commercial and manufacturing centres of France. When some of the more violent of their members, men caught in the act of open revolt, are arrested, judge and jury are formally threatened with death if they dare pass sentence on the criminals. If you ask them what they purpose doing, they will tell you that when all is over, when everything is wiped out as per programme, what then? what will follow?—they answer that then will be seen what is to follow, then is the time to build up again a new

order of society.

This is the same as Russian Nihilism, and indeed Prince Krapotkin, the Russian Nihilist leader, has been very active among the "circles" which, within a comparatively short period, have sprung up in all parts of France. And the Church that would have met them at every point is still the object of unmitigated hate and persecution at the hands of the French overnment and its officials. The other lay a priest was prevented from attending ony a priest was prevented from attending a repentant murderer, and in spite of all solicitation the poor wretch had to go to the scaffold unassisted by such consola-tion as the minister of religion could afford.

The cries of these anarchists against society, their blasphemies against the Creator, are louder and more vindictive than were those of the early revolu-tionists in France. It is horrifying to read the literature of the pavement. The words and the thoughts are those of mons rather than of human beings. But the government has its consolation It can take revenge on the crucifixes, and

THE CENTENARY OF ST. TERESA. A Visit to Her Birth place and Tomb.

The third centenary of St. Teresa was celebrated a short time ago during the month of October, at Avila, in Spain, where the saint was born. In a part of the old home of the saint there is now a church and convent, and to this place many thousands of pilgrims went recently to veuerate the relics of the saint, whose statue was brought in procession through the town. The procession visited first the Church of St. John, where the saint had been baptised. From there the pro-cession went to the cathedral, where is kept the statue of the Blessed Virgin called "Virgin of the Caridad." It was before this statue that St. Teresa, after the death of her mother, knelt down, and besought the Blessed Virgin to receive her for her daughter. The statue of the Blessed Virgin inclined towards the saint, and she heard these words addressed to her: "You So even Clemenceau, the cool, resolute, outspoken, scientific atheist and radical, has at last proved too conservative for his constituents of Montmartre. There have been what were described as labor troubles of St. Teresa was borne to the place

assigned for it.

During the feast the town of Avila was illuminated, and there was a grand dis play of fireworks, many emblems of the crazy, half-enthusiastic women like Louise
Michel, but of men—men of the stamp of
those who slew Alexander II. of Russia,
who created the first French revolution,
and who on the second fall of Paris before
from all the towns which retained a refrom all the towns which retained as refrom all the towns of the saint is preserved, the procession was magnificently
conducted. There were representatives In the town of membrance of St. Teresa. The civil a military authorities accompanied the great multitude, with the Duke of Alba and his family. All the banners of Spain were to be seen in the procession. The banner of France was also to be seen. London also would have been represented by a banner, but unfortunately, it did not arrive in time. After the banners came the statue of the saint, carried on the shoulders of the Carmelite fathers, followed by the Bishops and the authorities of the town. The procession lasted two hours and went through every part of the city. Every day during the octave the same ceremonies attracted great multitudes to honour this great saint, the glory of Spain, and called there la Sancta! After the feast of the day was over, I

the place of the Catholicity he undertook to drive out, are at last upheaving; and if France upheave not with them it will be simply and solely by God's mercy to a nation that has done much for Christianity and that still possesses some brave Christian souls.

But what do ye think of it all, gentlemen of the Protestant and secular press, who went hand in hand with the enlightened and liberal government that drove large and rich, like a basilica. At the left, on entering this church, under the gallery, is seen the cell of St. Teresa, where she fell ill before she died. When I arrived at the cell, on the Gospel side of the altar, I looked into a little room, and there I the cell, on the Gospel side of the altar, I looked into a little room, and there I saw a monument in marble representing the death of the saint. In spite of the pect, now that the field is clear of the black robes? The gentlemen of the pavement of Montmartie will not even listen I see? The figure of a poor Carmelite to their beloved Clemenceau, who has the courage to denounce dynamite, and who when he asks them despairingly if they would destroy France, is answered with a blunt "yes." They dimissed him with the series a collar of gold. That is Te.esa, and in this place she

'hen on the Altar lying e hears thy heart's deep sigh nd makes sweet joys arise, Oh, then remember me

hen death is o'er me stealing nd the abbey-bell's sad peall lls me that my spirit files Oh, then remember me!

THOUGHTS IN SOLIT A Hurried Glance at the the Nations of the Ea

> BY FATHER ABRAM J. R. Baltimore Mirror,

The Protestant nations of t

in the ascendant, in the temp (which is the earthly and mat

and in the same o'der, Cathare very visibly in their decl Catholics, therefore, tormeut fact, more from want of kno for lack of faith, and perhaps because of their love for the much sorrow stricken and mo ized. The blame and shame are certainly very humiliating wise, on the Church or on ber sion; but do rest, where the ste facts places the responsibility scandal, solely on those which bear, if nothing else, at olic name. The Church hers true sense, accountable for the deplorable state of things. T bility must be laid, blame-shame-deserving though it is shoulders of the Catholic na selves, who as Judas the Christ for a few paltry piece betrayed His Cross for selfisl tions of worldly policy. And were deceived by the resul-betrayal; and yet, unlike Ju agony of remorse. The tra-went and hung himself. expiation of despair without the was laid away in Hacel the traitor-Catholic nations, a ing the Cross, seem seared in But though remorseless, they or later find their political Haceldamas. Have a fear: "mocked" with impunity. H because He is eternal; and i stillness, as in the calm cloud, like lightnings, sleep. God l rights among every people, ju sacred rights in each individual governmental rights in every a Christ has a king's inviolate an privileges in every kingdom; is treated in all of them as if very last and lowest of the There was once a real Christe now but a memory of the pa Christendom, Christ, through

was the Supreme Moral R. day has gone by, and His reco has, with it, passed away.
In the sixteenth century th nations uprose, without reason pride, in revolt against the vested in the rulers of the God on earth. In the last ty the Catholic nations and peop their governments, which w un-Catholic and anti-Catholic history of three hundred year

despite the sacred name the practically in rebellion against Mark the consequence. every single one of them, from political greatness, just tion as they fell away from fi Church. This is not faney. And we will prove it by facts Since the day of the Refo reciprocal relations between ant sects and the Catholic Cremained very much the sam they have not undergone a v change. Remember we writ mean, and mean to prove change between the religions ants and the religion of Ca change, and very much chan Protestant and Catholic natio ernments in secular prepond the change in favor of the fo testantism itself, as a religio

standing all the circumstances it, and favoring it were unit Catholicity, has had no other adherents than what was the natural increase of population natural increase of population of color olicity, as a religion, in propor least, equal, has shared in the ments which rise out of the fr races and their expansion i space. Indeed it would not say that the Catholic Church numerical advantage over the spiritual conquests which she in Protestant countries and But we waive the claim

advantage, our title to which of proof; and we pass over, sary to argument, which is the these Thoughts in Solitude juquestion of the comparitive ance of the two antagonist measured by the number of the We think; and we think t easily preve that such compour favor; but argument loses generosity in discussion. Truth only is really liber true charity abides in her state

syllogisms. Liberal, because scious of her strength. Toler cussion of facts, because in principle. Error, truth's quite different. Liberal in p is illiberal in argument, another name for indifferent elements of truth, she is in speech and statement. Ha nstinctive consciousness of he It would seem so. Error is Half a truth means half a l thing cannot be expected to truthful, no matter how s sincerity and truthfulness an from being synonymous in order. You must not be sur are often charmed away from dustry highway of dusty highway of argument by paths that coax the heart (the mind) and lead both, seiously, away, just as dream